



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

REVIEWS.

Lenau et Son Temps—Thèse présentée à la Faculté des Lettres de l'université de Paris par L. Roustan, Agrégé de l'Université, Paris, Cerf, Imprimeur-Libraire, 1898. 8vo. pp. VIII + 368.

LENAU, the poet of pessimism and one of the foremost masters of form in German literature, in his day a great favorite, has largely passed out of the consciousness of our generation, and lives on almost only in a few poems like '*Schilflieder*,' '*Der Polenflüchtling*,' '*Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge*,' etc. Though it is fortunate that the state of mind he represents is no longer an object of as great interest as it was fifty years ago, Lenau's literary delicacy raises him so far above the commonplace, that he still deserves much more attention than he receives. Furthermore, in the history of intellectual life he is conspicuous as one of the two or three most gifted representatives in literature of the '*Weltschmerz*'—that condition of unrest and distressed idealism which colored so many products of the European genius during the first decades of our century.

A book, therefore, the object of which is carefully to study Lenau as an artist and as an expression of his time, must be received as a welcome gift; especially, coming as this one does, late enough after the poet's death to make possible calm critical discussion, and yet appearing in a period of culture-life tainted with some of the same malady of pessimism of which Lenau was a victim.

The biographers of Lenau from Schurz down (A. Grün, Jacoby, Barthel, Koch, etc.) were satisfied with describing his career without paying much attention to his times and to the influences which moulded his artistic and philosophical principles. R., on the contrary, makes a point of showing Lenau's indebtedness to the great movements in German, and especially in Austrian literature and philosophy.

The introduction sketches the condition of political and intellectual Austria under Metternich; Chapter 1 discusses in detail Lenau's descent and his childhood; Chapter 2 his development down to the year 1823, and his earliest verses; Chapter 3 relates to the literary life of Vienna from 1820 to 1830 (Byron's influence is touched upon, Grillparzer, Raymund, Mayrhofer, Feuchtersleben and Enke together with the men who group themselves about them, Zedlitz, and Grün pass in review); Chapter 4 reverts to Lenau's life down to 1832; Chapter 5 contains a detailed discussion of the poems composed between 1825 and 1831; Chapter 6 speaks of the Suabian poets (Mayer, Schwab, Kerner, also the Reinbecks), and their importance for Lenau; Chapter 7 records Lenau's trip to America; Chapter 8 comments on the poet's development from 1833 to 1836; Chapter 9 interprets '*Faust*;' Chapter 10 is devoted to '*Savanorola*' and the influences which helped to mould its character; Chapter 11 is largely biographical, and besides analyzes the collection of poems published in 1838; in Chapter 12 the author makes us acquainted with the change of spirit in the direction of virility and health in Austrian literature between 1830 and 1840 (Grün and Feuchtersleben occupy the foreground); Chapter 13 proves '*Die Albigenser*' to be the product of this change of view; Chapter 14 is devoted to a discussion of the forces leading up to the March revolution; Chapter 15 treats of Lenau's youngest works, and Chapter 16 paints the sad picture of Lenau's last years. In the '*Conclusion*,' R. gives us a résumé of Lenau's career and character, and a critical survey of his poetry.

The author aims to analyze Lenau's inherited tendencies and the influence of his environment upon them. So much attention is paid to the latter that the exact appreciation of the poet's inherent characteristics seem to me somewhat to suffer.

The introduction, in spite of good points, fails in one respect. The author owed us a word on the mighty reaction in favor of emotional life which shook Europe in the last century and which continued in our own in the form of romanticism in different countries. He should have shown the close relation between Lenau and the representatives of that movement: Rousseau, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Novalis,

Hölderlin, Brentano, Kleist, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, de Musset, Leopardi, etc. All of them were essentially emotional, essentially intense, generally uncontrolled, and Lenau's exaggerations, his confessed inability to acquire poise, his morbidity, are less surprising when appreciated as phenomena common in the European life of his time, and during the preceding decades. His work then appears only as one of the many expressions of agony uttered during a painful period of readjustment, as something in a sense necessary and organic, and in no wise as exceptional and absurd.

In the first chapter, R. shows Lenau's temperament to have been made up of Germanic and Slav elements, and proves that Hungary cannot rightly claim him. I might add that the meagreness of his indebtedness to Hungary for the development of his artistic individuality is attested by the additional fact that in his interpretation of nature (one of the most characteristic features of his poetry) he betrays comparatively little love for the plains of Hungary, but the profoundest interest in the high mountains of Austria; whereas Petöfi, a true Hungarian, knows little of mountains and everywhere shows acquaintance with flat scenery.

The literary influences at work upon Lenau at different periods of his development are excellently traced, particularly in Chapter 3 and Chapter 6; furthermore, on pages 138 ff, and in Chapter 12. Careful analysis of his poetical work may be found on pages 28 ff, pages 62 ff, pages 132 ff, pages 148 ff. (a chapter devoted to an interesting and stimulating discussion of '*Faust*,' based on a comparison between the first and second edition of the poem), pages 258 ff (which deal with the '*Albigenser*') and pages 307 ff. (containing a valuable interpretation of the '*Waldlieder*').

Our author's care at times misleads him into unnecessarily long discussions of minor points. So the lengthy analysis of Hartmann's and of Meissner's poetry (pages 29 ff.) is gratuitous, and even what he has to say on Schwab (p. 83), on K. Mayer (pp. 86, 87), on Kerner (p. 97), might with impunity be condensed.

With all his desire to be correct, R. lapses into mistakes. He claims (p. 310), '*le moyen Age, qui ne fut jamais sympathique à Lenau.*' There was a time when under Martensen's

influence Lenau had been taught to love mysticism and with it the age in which it most flourished. He writes to Kerner (letter dated January 23, 1837: Schurz 1, 339): 'Ja, diese gemalten Fensterscheiben! Nichts versinnlicht mir das Mittelalter in seinem schönen Geiste mehr, als die Glasmalerei. Gibt es in der ganzen Welt eine so innige durchdrungene Farbe als die des gemalten Glases? Ist dies nicht so zu sagen eine verkörperte Farbe, und gleicht so eine glühend-rothe Scheibe nicht dem glühenden durchsichtigen Herzen eines mittelalterlichen Mystikers?' What is more strange, as late as 1840 sympathy for the Middle Ages had not altogether disappeared in him. He writes (July 5, 1840; Schurz 2, 31): 'Das herrliche gottdurchdrungene Mittelalter umschlang mich mit seinen Armen, und reichte mir einen Trunk Frieden aus seinem tiefen Brunnen herauf.' Similarly another statement is apt to mislead by its baldness. On page 328 we read: 'Sophie qui avait fait rompre le mariage avec Caroline, parut consentir a cette nouvelle union (i. e., with Maria Behrends); elle laissa Lenau retourner à Stuttgart pour en achever les préparatifs.' The matter was not as simple as these words would make us believe. At their parting, Sophie said to him: 'Mir ist, als sollt' ich Sie nie wiedersehen' (Schurz 2, 194), and according to Emma Niendorf '*Lenau in Schwaben*,' p. 256, she exclaimed, 'Eines von uns muss wahnsinnig werden.' Lenau, however, assured her of his fidelity; we read in his letter to her (Schurz 2, 200): 'In Ihnen, teure Sophie, hab' ich die Höhe der Menschheit erkannt und erfasst, in Ihrem Umgange atme ich den reinsten lebendigsten Aether des Geistes, und ich stehe an Ihrer groszen Seele als an einem tiefen Meere, und lausche dem Rauschen seines Wellenschlages, und er weckt in mir das Tiefste und Schönste, dessen ich fähig bin. Es ist keine Redensart, wenn ich Ihnen sage, dasz Sie meine Muse sind. Sie sollen es auch bleiben. Fürchten Sie nicht das Undenkhare, dasz ein inniger Zusammenhang mit Ihnen aufhören könnte, meinem Geiste und meinem Herzen unentbehrlich zu sein. Ich wiederhole Ihnen feierlich meine letzten Worte, die ich beim Abschiede gesprochen.' These last words were 'Fest und ewig' (cf. Schurz 2, 205). It is significant, too, that she asked him to change his tone toward her in his letters and that he protested against this 'formelle Grille'

(ib.). Thus this parting must have been the most painful prelude to the impending catastrophe.

The description of Lenau's stay in America (pp. 111 and ff.) is insufficient. R. evidently is unacquainted with the article by G. A. Mulfing in the *Americana Germanica*, 1, 2, and 1, 3 (1897), entitled '*Lenau in Amerika*.' Consequently we do not hear enough of the importance of Duden's book in arousing a desire in thousands of Germans to see America, and its influence in determining the road taken by most German emigrants. Lenau's behavior in this country and his complete lack of practical sense largely explain his total inability to understand America; his native melancholia increased over here, and instead of improving he was more wretched than ever (cf. Mulfing for details). Cf. too, T. S. Baker '*Lenau and Young Germany in America*' (Johns Hopkins dissertation; 1897), p. 171 seq.

In a foot note on page 125, R., speaking of Kürnberger's novel '*Der Amerikamüde*,' says 'le héros n'est pas sans quelque analogie avec le poète.' This is perfectly correct, but the belief, not, however, referred to by R., so long current, to the effect that in telling of his hero's adventures the author had in mind Lenau's experiences in the United States, is to be regarded as entirely fallacious. Mr. Mulfing of Chicago has collected material on this subject, of which he permits me to print the following: Kürnberger used with skill and closely followed the following works: '*Reise Sr. Hoheit des Herzogs Bernhard zu Sachsen-Weimer-Eisenach durch Nord-Amerika in den Jahren 1824-6*,' herausgegeben von H. Luden Wiemar; F. von Raumer: '*Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika*,' Leipzig, 1845; Dr. M. Wagner und Dr. K. Scherzer: '*Reisen in Nord-Amerika in den Jahren 1852-3*,' Leipzig, 1853; G. Duden: '*Bericht über eine Reise nach den westlichen Staaten Nordamerikas*' Bonn, 1829, etc. Hence, Kürnberger did not concern himself at all with what Lenau did and saw in this country.—Mr. Mulfing is soon to publish the details of his investigations.

The discussion of Lenau's letters to Sophie Löwenthal (pp. 184 ff.) is adequate intellectually, but does not seem to me to do sufficient justice to their artistic spontaneity and the delicate flavor of their language. Love letters as fervid as these

are tend to grow tiresome; yet there are very few collections of letters in any literature superior to Lenau's correspondence with Sophie in point of artistic merit. Taken as a whole, they may be regarded as perhaps the most poetical work he has given to the world.

Because these notes are of such importance in German literature, they challenge comparison with that other group of love-letters, equally valuable for an insight into the character of their author,—I mean Goethe's letters to Frau von Stein.

A study of these two collections is fascinating and most instructive, and we regret R.'s not having more in detail carried out the suggestions found in Minor's review of Frankl's '*Lenau und Sophie Loewenthal*' (*Anz. f. d. Alt.* 18, 276, ff.). The fundamental difference between the two greatest lyrical poets of Germany and Lenau's marked moral inferiority clearly come to the surface in the behaviour of each of these men during a singularly critical period of their lives. Both keenly felt the hopelessness of their situation. Goethe could write 'Warum gabst du uns die tiefen Blicke,' and Lenau 'Ach wärst du mein, es wär ein schönes Leben.' But in Goethe, though he was at first as passionate and uncontrolled as Lenau, through Charlotte's help and by dint of self-discipline, poise and balance could in course of time crowd into the background youthful exaggeration and a tendency to excess, while in Lenau, incapable as he was of self-severity, despair deepened with every year, and life became daily more irksome. And whereas the atmosphere of serenity and conciliation pervading the '*Iphigenie*' was the result of Goethe's love for Charlotte, Lenau after many years of destructive passion for Sophie could find no better expression for his view of life than the unutterably pessimistic lines: 's eitel nichts, wohin mein Aug' ich hefte.' Further than that, Goethe's universality nowhere shines more plainly than in his letters to Frau von Stein. There is nothing in his rich life which he does not discuss, refer, or allude to in his correspondence with this remarkable woman. Lenau on the other hand has comparatively little to say concerning his work and aims; love is his one theme, running through endless variations. And while manly resignation—one of the most potent ideals of Goethe, the author of '*Die Entsagenden*'—soon colored his letters and

gave them a tone of comparative poise, Lenau's hopelessness and inability to combat fate became constantly more apparent. Yet, Lenau's style is more careful as compared with the style of Goethe's earlier letters to Frau von Stein. His great sense of form and his mastery of language are admirably conspicuous in his correspondence with Sophie.

In the discussion of the forces which in Lenau led to a revulsion in favor of religious life, R. might quote the chapter in Frankl's '*Zur Biographie N. Lenau's*,' entitled '*Wie der Dichter Christ wurde*' (p. 55 ff.). We read there: 'Ich ritt einmal über eine Heide, sie war schneebedeckt, auflatternde Raben nur waren die schwarzen Gedanken der Heide. Ich fühlte mich mit meinem innern warmen Leben so allein in der weiten kalten Welt. . . . So war ich, mich meinem Pferde überlassend, in einen Wald gekommen; jenseits desselben in einem Dorfe war ich von Freunden erwartet. Plötzlich spielte ein Lichtschimmer über die schneebedeckten Tannenzweige, und bald sah ich mir zur Linken ein Jägerhaus, durch die Fenster leuchtete es hell heraus. . . . Drin brannte ein lustiger Weihnachtsbaum, glückliche Kinder, halb fröhlich, halb erschrocken, liessen sich von ihren freudig bewegten Eltern Gaben herabreichen, die an den Zweigen hingen. . . . Ich kehrte zurück zu meinem Pferde, bestieg es und ritt weiter. Aber es war eine andere Stimmung in mich gekommen. Ich fühlte, dass die Kluft zwischen dem Leben des Menschen und der ihm kalt gegenüberstehenden Natur eine unausfüllbare sei, und dass die Creatur eines Mittlers bedürfte, damit sie nicht verzweifle und untergehe.'

It is characteristic of Lenau that the sense of loneliness, rendered the more bitter in him by watching a happy family scene, made him feel that the abyss between Nature and the Deity is unfathomable. Although the poet's claim was doubtless greatly exaggerated that his revulsion was due to the incident above related, the longing for companionship, so strongly developed in him and in a sense never satisfied, would help to induce him to look to religion for comfort, especially at a time when other forces were pushing him in the same direction.

We agree with the author in saying (p. 204) that Lenau chose an inadequate metrical dress for his '*Savonarola*.' It is

to be remembered, however, that in the composition of his work, Lenau followed the tradition of the ballad-cycles, much in vogue among the Austrian and Swabian poets of Lenau's day. The first instance of such a cycle was, of course, Herder's 'Cid,' and this soon found imitators in Fouqué and Brentano, in Schwab and Grün, etc., and in Lenau himself in his shorter epics (cf. Castle, *Euphor.* 4, 66 et seq.).

Lenau's treatment of three legends popular beyond all others in modern European literature, namely that of Faust, of the Wandering Jew, and of Don Juan, throws interesting light on his individuality.

R.'s analysis of Lenau's '*Faust*' is thorough and helpful, and little need be said to supplement his statements. I should point, however, to one important difference between Lenau's hero and the Faust of the Volksbuch. Both, to be sure, are regarded as having harmed themselves by two great intellectual ambition (p. 169), though of course, the attitude of the author is different in each case, but the sinner of the Chap Book suffers from over-vitality and cannot get his fill of the good things of this world. To him life is a carousal, though a vulgar one. Lenau's Faust, the reflex of the poet's own personality, though he boasts like a Titan, is sick at heart, and altogether lacks exuberance.

Our biographer grasped the import of Lenau's 'Faust,' but he pays little attention to Lenau's interpretation of the legend of the Wandering Jew. The poems dealing with Ahasverus are less important than the '*Faust*'; yet a comparison between Lenau's treatment of this story and its treatment by other prominent literary artists is most suggestive.

According to the old popular tradition found in the Chronicles, the Chap Books, in Percy's Reliques, etc., Ahasverus is simply a criminal who insulted Christ and has to suffer in return. Some modern poets, like Wilhelm Schlegel, do not go essentially further. In Schlegel's ballad entitled '*Die Warnung*,' the terrible example of Ahasverus's suffering is to act as a warning for young blasphemers. Other writers, like Wilhelm Müller (in '*Der Ewige Jude*'), Wordsworth (in '*Song for the Wandering Jew*'), mainly comment on the horrors implied in his weary wanderings; Béranger (in '*Le Juif errant*') makes Ahasverus suffer for having outraged all

humanity in the person of Christ ; in Hauff's '*Mitteilungen aus den Memoiren des Satans*' (in the chapter called 'Unterhaltungen des Satans und des ewigen Juden ') Ahasverus appears as a comical character ; Shelley extols him (in '*Queen Mab*') as the great atheist who prefers 'Hell's freedom to the tyranny of Heaven'), and men like Robert Hamerling (in '*Ahasverus in Rom*') discover an element of culture-historical interest in the story. Goethe, greater than all these, puts the originality and power characteristic of his storm-and-stress period into his wonderful fragments entitled '*Der Ewige Jude*' (cf. also '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,' Bk. 15, and '*Italienische Reise*,' letter dated Oct. 27, 1786) and makes of the Jew the representative of hopeless Philistinism, which opposes all progress. To Schubert (in '*Der ewige Jude, eine lyrische Rhapsodie*') and Lenau (in '*Ahasver, der ewige Jude*' and '*Der ewige Jude*') he is essentially an object of profound pity because, to use Schubert's words, there is denied him 'des Sterbens suesser Trost.' In Schubert he vainly attempts every form of suicide ('des Tiegers Zahn stumpft an mir'), but at last an angel appears and grants him the rest he longs for. In Lenau, however, the Jew vainly craves death, and never finds its sweet oblivion. To our poet it was bad enough to live at all, but to be compelled to drag out existence through centuries seemed intolerable. He makes Ahasverus exclaim 'O suesser Schlaf, o suesser Todesschlaf,' and 'O, könnt ich sterben mit den Morgenwinden,' etc. Thus, Ahasverus is merely the expression of that pessimism and hatred of life which lie at the basis of most of Lenau's work, and which color even the most brilliant product of his muse, his '*Don Juan*.'

R.'s discussion of this fragment is far from complete. He did not use Farinelli's brilliant essay entitled '*Don Giovanni. Note Critiche*' in the *Giornale storico della letteratura italiana*, vol. 16 (1896) (cf. too, Don José Zorilla : '*Don Juan Tenorio*,' *verdeutscht von Johannes Fastenrath, Dresden and Leipzig, 1898, pp. V et seq.*). This omission is to be regretted, as the treatise contains much new information, and particularly as it comments on the interpretation of the Don Juan story by different ages.

First of all, R.'s list of works dealing with Don Juan, nearly contemporary with Lenau's '*Don Juan*,' is very meagre. He

does not even speak of Grabbe's '*Don Juan und Faust*' (1828). Yet this drama is important in connection with Lenau, as both poets treated—one in a single drama, the other in two separate dramatic poems—the two titans who together embrace all life: the titan of the senses, and the titan of the intellect. Such a combination had been attempted only once before Grabbe in a single work by Nickolaus Vogt in '*Der Faerberhof, oder die Buchdruckerei in Mainz*,' 1809 (Farinelli, p. 300). Significantly, our century, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, first put into conjunction these two heroes. Precisely because theorizing and thinking have played such a great part during the last hundred years, the original Don Juan has largely been modified and in part has been made to assume the characteristics of Faust: he loses some of the directness, brutal vigor, and fascinating absence of self-criticism which have made the hero of Tirso de Molina's play immortal. In Grabbe, to be sure, he retains his original character, but loses much of his grace; but many other modern poets, among them notably Lenau, describe an altogether unreal Don Juan, who lacks backbone and consistent self-confidence, who feels pangs of remorse, runs after some vague ideal, and because of his ineradicable brutality is neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good herring.—The time after the appearance of Grabbe's play, and before the conception of Lenau's fragment, R. fails to note, was a period in German letters rich in Don Juans. In 1834, appeared Holtei's '*Don Juan, Dramatische Phantasie*,' in 1839 Th. Creizenach's '*Don Juan*,' in 1840 Weise's '*Don Juan*,' in 1842 Brauntal's '*Don Juan, Drama in fünf Abteilungen*' (Far. p. 302). Furthermore in 1829 appeared a novel '*Donna Elvira*' by A. Kahlert, and in 1835 '*Don Juan in Leipzig. Ein Capriccio, in zwanglosen Heften*,' by an unknown author (Far. p. 309, note). Some of these were perhaps known to Lenau, and he even was probably directly influenced by Merimée's '*Les Ames du Purgatoire*,' which was translated in 1837 under the title '*Die Seelen des Fegefeurs oder die beiden Don Juan*.' (Direct influence of Tirso's '*Burlador*' is felt in the scene between Don Juan and Isabella, superscribed '*Nacht*'; cf. Far. p. 304.)

R. errs in saying, p. 319: 'Don Juan n'éprouve aucun remord de sa conduite, parce qu'il n'aime qu'avec ses sens ou avec son imagination, en être instinctif qui ne reconnaît

d'autre loi que celle de son tempérament vigoureux.' But Don Juan does feel remorse, and expresses it. After his last adventure he exclaims 'seit ich geschaut die fremde Dame, vermischt sich meine Lust mit dunklem Grame, Ein nie gekanntes Sinnen, Selbstverklagen Beginnt an meinem frohen Mut zu nagen. . . . sie ist auch so hoch und himmlich rein, Dass ich—lach' nicht—unschuldig möchte sein,' and 'O könnt' ich doch mit ungetrübten Sinnen Die Gunst der wunderbaren Frau gewinnen, Mit meines Herzens unberührten Schätzen.' Nor is it quite correct to say (ibid.): 'Don Juan au contraire (i. e. in contrast with his brother Diego) qui a étudié la vie ailleurs que dans les livres, esprit brillant, alerte, fier, sceptique, ou plutôt matérialiste, ne connaît d'autres ordres que ceux de sa passion et il les suit aveuglément. Il personnifie l'individualisme et l'égoïsme: les autres hommes ne lui sont rien parce qu'il ne relève que de lui-même.' R. does not appreciate what Lenau himself said of his Don Juan (Frankl '*Zur Biographie L's*,' p. 87): 'Jeder Dichter ist wie jeder Mensch ein eigenthümliches Ich. Mein Don Juan darf kein Weibern ewig nachjagender heiszblütiger Mensch sein. Es ist die Sehnsucht in ihm, ein Weib zu finden, welches ihm das incarnirte Weibtum ist und ihn alle Weiber der Erde, die er denn doch nicht als Individuen besitzen kann, in der Einen genieszen macht.'

Lenau's Don Juan is, therefore, by no means consistent. Although he has elements of the true Don Juan, introspection and a vague idealism lie directly across the path of his career: disgust with life overcomes him and he allows himself to be killed by an inferior opponent. Hence his Don Juan is as much a carrier of Lenau's pessimism as his Ahasverus or his Faust: Lenau's has a curious gift for taming giants into despondent neurasthenics.

Thoughtful, repentent, or moralizing Don Juans occur elsewhere in nineteenth-century literature (so e. g. in Heyse's '*Don Juan's Ende*,' 1883), showing that Lenau's misinterpretation of the legend is determined by an instinct shared by many men in our age.

R. should have more insisted on the fact that L's '*Don Juan*' though containing passages of exceptional beauty and melody, essentially implies a misconception of the hero's character.

I furthermore take issue with R. in saying (p. 322) that Lenau outstrips his predecessors in point of psychological care, and that in the '*Don Juan*,' at least, he does not deserve the criticism, so often made, of inability to describe feminine character. To me Mozart-daPonte are distinctly superior. Nothing in Lenau can rival the range implied by characters like Donna Anna, Elvira, and Zerlina: the first poignantly dramatic, Elvira the very embodiment of elegiacal despair, and Zerlina fresh, pastoral, and naïve.

Perhaps Lenau the artist can nowhere better be studied than in his treatment of nature: his intense subjectivity, his lack of artistic control, and at the same time his extreme sensitiveness to beauty, his remarkable power of language come to the front in the passages of his letters and works referring to nature, as they hardly do any where else.

R.'s remarks on the subject, scattered through the book (cf. especially pp. 347 et seq.), are not the result of independent investigation and do not go beyond the utterances of former writers on Lenau.

In the first place, R. mistakes in saying (p. 347): 'L'être instinctif, comme le sauvage ou le paysan, tient à la nature extérieure par des liens plus intimes et plus forts. Il reste en communion avec elle. Il y voit même, au lieu d'un tissu de phénomènes changeants ou d'immuables lois physiques, des forces, des êtres vivants et agissants, tantôt bienfaisants, tantôt redoutables. Ces impressions puissantes que la langue a conservées, mais que nous ne sentons plus dans des images affaiblies. Lenau, comme les premiers poètes, les ressent énergiquement et les exprime de même à la manière du langage primitif.' Unfortunately, savages and peasants do nothing of what R. claims for them: a highly developed love of nature is possible only in complex civilizations and is the result of sensitiveness. The study of the evolution of the nature sense teaches us that fundamental truth; only Lenau's delicacy of feeling explains his whole attitude towards nature and makes him able intensely to enjoy her outward beauty, although to be sure, he is offended at her harshness and brutality. Exactly because Lenau revels in nature's charms, the following statement of R. is only very partially correct (p. 169): 'Byron veut oublier, Lenau maudit l'oubli; Byron est consolé par la nature, Lenau y trouve une source nouvelle de désespoir.'

These words are based on Frankl's sentence ('*Zur Biographie Lenaus*' p. 3): 'Byron, wenn ihn das Leben um schmerzlichsten ergriffen hat, flüchtet zu den schauerlichen Schönheiten der Natur, sie besänftigen, sie beruhigen ihn ; Lenau empfängt von ihnen erst die herbsten Schmerzen.' Lenau, to be sure, could say 'Sie (i. e. nature) ist grausam, sie hat kein Mitleid. Die Natur ist erbarmungslos (Schurz 2, 104) or 'Das Menschenherz hat keine Stimme in finstern Rate der Natur (cf. 'Aus') etc., yet he could also exclaim 'Natur, will dir ans Herz mich legen ! Verzeih', dass ich dich konnte meiden, dass Heilung ich gesucht für Leiden, Die du mir gabst zum herben Segen,' and he could write (letters to the Reinbecks, p. 178): 'So ein paar Stunden in der Einsamkeit des Waldes verlebt, sind für ein in die Waldgeheimnisse eingeweihtes Herz von unermesslicher Wohlthätigkeit, wenn ihm auf seine schmerzhaftesten, sonst für kein Heilmittel zugänglichen Stellen von unsichtbaren Händen ein heimlicher Balsam geträufelt wird. Auch ich habe in letzter Zeit solche Stunden im Walde zugebracht.' In a treatise on Lenau's nature-sense which I shall presently give to the press, I hope to show that this apparent contradiction has its foundation in the romantic temperament and is nothing peculiar to Lenau.

Again what R. has to say of Lenau's interpretation of the ocean, is much too general. We read (p. 348) 'l'immensité de la mer ou de la lande ne l'ont que rarement sollicité : la lande, comme la mer est desolée, morne et muette.' As a matter of fact, Lenau is one of the foremost poets of the sea in German literature. He himself confesses to its making a profound impression upon him (Schurz 1. 196) and poems like '*Seemorgen*,' '*Sturmesmythe*,' '*Meerestille*,' etc., and furthermore several passages in '*Faust*' betray ability aptly to describe various aspects of the ocean. This love for the ocean, inferior only to his love for high mountains, is noteworthy. For a close study of the poet's works discloses a strong tendency, in keeping with the hyper-emotional nature of his temperament, to enjoy in nature hardly anything but the vast and the titanic.—R. is right (p. 348) in his remarks on Lenau's interpretation of autumn, but his statement is greatly exaggerated to the effect that Lenau sees in spring only 'la fragilité de ses charmes.' We have, of course, poems like '*Frühlings Tod*,' but, on the other hand, also lines like the following: 'Da kommt der Lenz,

der schöne junge, Den alles lieben muss, Herein mit einem Freudensprunge und lächelt seinen Gruss,' ('*Der Lenz*,' cf. also '*Liebesfeier*,' and especially '*Frühlingsgedränge*' containing these words: 'Frühlingskinder im bunten Gedränge, flatternde Blüten, duftende Hauche, Stuerzen ans Herz mir aus jedem Strauche,' etc., etc.).—Once more when R. maintains 'Lenau . . . est intéressé à la vie des ainmaux,' etc., he fails to state that though Lenau is a lover of animals, his feeble power of observation prevents his noting in detail their characteristics, and that therefore passages relating to animals are of a very general character. Lenau represents a generation unacquainted with scientific methods, which deeply loved nature but did not thoroughly know her. The contrast between Lenau and Goethe on the one hand, and Lenau and Tennyson on the other, as regards power of observation, is striking and instructive.—R. should not have omitted calling attention to Lenau's artistic tact in introducing nature as a background for human action. Innumerable passages might be adduced by way of proof, but let two instances suffice. Faust, restless, titanically ambitious, is associated with high mountains and the vast ocean, but in '*Don Juan*,' the drama of love and passion, the poet forgets his predilection for decay in nature and his preference for autumn, and describes forests and meadows fragrant with all the perfumes of spring.

If in R.'s bibliography Opitz '*N. Lenau*,' Leipzig, 1850, written before the appearance of Lenau's '*Nachlass*' and insignificant throughout, deserves a star, then Witt's '*Lenaus Leben und Charakter*,' Marburg, 1893, at least deserves mention; were it only as a bit of work betraying great innocence of method (cf. Witt's explanation for L's insanity, p. 26).—For completeness' sake, R. might also have spoken of Stephan Born '*Nicolaus Lenau*' (Oeffentl. Vortraege geh. in der Schweiz, Bd. 4, Heft 4, Basel, 1877).

R. bases his remarks on Lenau's pathological condition on two old treatises, one in the *Wiener Theater-Zeitung*, 1851, and the other in the *Allg. Zeitschr. f. Psychiatrie*, 1850. He seems to have overlooked an essay on the subject by Dr. J. Sadger, entitled '*N. Lenau, Ein pathologisches Lebensbild*' in the *Beil. z. allg. Zeitung*, 1895, Nos. 207, 208, 209. In R.'s discussion of Lenau's relation to music, we miss a reference to A. Bock: '*Lenau's Verhältniss zur Musik*.' *Beil. z. Allg. Zt.*, 1890, No. 244.

Perhaps some of the anecdotes personally told R. by Th. Kerner (p. 98, note 3) may now be found in Kerner's *Das Kernerhaus und seine Gäste*, 2te Aufl. Stuttgart und Leipzig, 1897 (pp. 134 et seq.). The little chapter on Lenau has value as giving us glimpses of certain of Lenau's idiosyncrasies generally overlooked by less critical friends (cf. e. g. p. 146).

Page 300 of R.'s work treats of Lenau's great popularity. A little publication, now forgotten and evidently not known to R., contributes an additional proof of it. I mean '*Umrisse zu den Gedichten von N. Lenau, 18 Blätter in 3 Lieferungen. Carlsruhe. Gutsch and Ruppe, 1841.*' The artist (if indeed he deserve so lofty an appellation) of these pictures is Nisle. His creations are painful in the extreme, but he interests us here because he presupposes considerable familiarity with Lenau's poetry on the part of his public. Before every picture he reprints a few lines which he wishes to illustrate, and seemingly relies on the reader's acquaintance with the contents of the whole poem.

The general adequacy and fine insight displayed in R.'s concluding remarks on Lenau's literary personality (pp. 341 et seq.) are worthy of special praise. Since the appearance of his book, Faggi has attempted the same task with mediocre success in a booklet called '*Lenau e Leopardi. Studio psicologico-estetico*' (Palermo, 1898).

An exhaustive treatise like this should go more into the details of Lenau's literary technique. Certainly something should be said of Lenau's metaphors and similes. We know that an author's metaphors are the core of his style. Investigation of Lenau's metaphors and similes more plainly than anything else proves the very great prominence of emotional life in his make-up. Figures derived from nature and from other phenomena appealing to the emotions are extremely common, but very little is borrowed from history, legend or other features of intellectual life.

I am fearful lest the additions and corrections I made create the impression that the book is unsatisfactory. I should regret conveying such an idea. We have nothing on Lenau as complete and detailed as this work, and I personally have greatly profited by the study of it.

CAMILLO VON KLENZE.